

Which 1400. yeeres ago were naild,  
For our aduantage on the bitter crosse.  
But this our purpose now is twelue month old,  
And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we wil goe.  
Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare  
Of you my gentle Coosen Westmerland,  
What yester night our Counsell did decree  
In forwarding this deere expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set downe  
But yesternight, when all athwart there came  
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy newes,  
Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herdforshire to fight  
Against the irregular, and wild Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,  
A thousand of his people butchered,  
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shamelesse transformation  
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be  
Without much shame, retold, or spoken of.

*King.* It seemest then that the tidings of this broile,  
Brake off our businesse for the holy Land.

*West.* This matcht with other did my gracious L.  
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes  
Came from the North, and thus it did import,  
On holy roode day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,  
That euer valiant and approued Scot,  
At Holmedon met, where they did spend  
A sad and bloody houre:  
As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:  
For he that brought them in the very heat  
And pride of their contention, did take horse  
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is deare, a true industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse.

Stain'd

Stain'd with the variation of each soile,  
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this seate of ours:  
And he hath brought vs smoothe and welcome newes,  
The Earle of Douglas is discomfited,  
Tenthousand bold Scots, two and twentie knights  
Balkt in their owne blood. Did sir Walter see  
On Holmedons plaines, of prisoners Hotspur tooke  
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne  
To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Arthol,  
Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith:  
And is not this an honorable spoile?  
A gallant prize? Ha coosen, is it not? In faith it is.

*West.* A conquest for a Prince to boast of.

*King.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me faine.  
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a sonne:  
A sonne who is the theame of honors tongue  
Amongst a groue the very straightest plant,  
Who is sweet fortunes minion and her pride,  
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him  
See ryot and dishonour staine the brow  
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd  
In cradle clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet,  
Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:  
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you coose  
Of this yong Percies pride? The prisoners  
Which he in this aduerture hath surpriz'd  
To his owne vse, he keepes and sends me word,  
I shall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.

*West.* This is his vnckles teaching: This is Worcester,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects,  
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp  
The crest of youth against your dignitie.

*King.* But I haue sent for him to answer this:  
And for this cause, a while we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.

A. 3.

Coosen,

